

**MAX OVERDRIVE**

written by

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**OVER BLACK:**

Unintelligible announcer chatter. The sound of ROARING ENGINES and TIRES SCREECHING grows intensely into--

**EXT. THE GRAND VISTA RACEWAY**

Techno-Jazz.

A futuristic race-course, its neon accents glow through the pouring rain.

ZOOM! A pack of vehicles fly past, splashing through the puddles that litter the slick surface of the track.

They are low to the ground, two-wheeled racing vehicles: PROTO-CYCLES.

Under uniquely decorated helmets, PILOTS control the high-speed vehicles from their cockpits.

DAN POWERS (16), pilots THE CROW--a black and grey bike completely built with spare parts. But even so--it SOARS.

He speeds past MAX POWERS (19), who coaches him from the sideline

He speaks through a HEADSET.

MAX (V.O.)

Alright Dan, remember what I taught you?

DAN

How could I forget?

MAX (V.O.)

If you wanna have a shot at winning, you gotta overtake the leader.

DAN

Right.

MAX (V.O.)

Just relax. Reduce your drag.

Dan adjusts a knob on the steering wheel and two WINGS flick down on the rear of the vehicle.

DAN

Now what.

MAX (V.O.)  
Be confident. Trust your racing  
instincts. I know you have them!

Dan takes a deep breath and--

Swerves out from behind the racer ahead of him, he  
accelerates past him smoothly.

Dan maneuvers through the pack until reaching the front.

In first place is THE POISON DART a black and green Proto-  
Cycle.

The pilot scowls at Dan and revs his engine. Blasting  
forward, his front wheel lifts into the air.

DAN  
His engine is packing some serious  
power. You still think I can take  
it?

MAX (V.O.)  
He may look scary, but don't be  
afraid. Just seize the gap.

Dan accelerates.

MAX (V.O.)  
You're almost at the finish line,  
it's now or never!

Dan pulls up to his opponent, challenging him when--

BEEP! A red warning light pops up in his cockpit.

"SLOW DOWN! MAXIMUM RPM EXCEEDED"

MAX (V.O.)  
What's all that beeping?

DAN  
It's nothing!

MAX (V.O.)  
Don't push it too hard, you can't  
force it!

DAN  
I can still make it!

Dan speeds up even faster--he pulls ahead!!

MAX (V.O.)  
Dan what did I--

Dan turns off his radio communications.

AT THE SIDELINE: Max shouts into his mic.

MAX  
Dan? Hello?

He slams the device on the ground.

ON THE TRACK: The finish line approaches--the warning signal gets louder, but Dan pushes it even further when--

A flutter of feathers. A CROW lands in the middle of the track, taking a drink from a small puddle.

SCREECH! Dan skids to a halt.

He flies off the bike and into the puddle.

The bird stands next to him, unharmed. It cocks its head, then takes flight. He watches it fly away before snapping back to reality.

Dan sits in the middle of the track as the other racers come flying past him.

**EXT. THE GRAND VISTA RACEWAY - LATER**

Max's arm is around Dan's shoulder as they walk away from the finish line.

Dan clutches his arm.

MAX  
You're lucky that was just a practice race. That stunt you pulled out there was crazy.

DAN  
I'm telling you, there was a bird on the track!

MAX  
Birds don't fly around here. Not anymore.

DAN  
I was so close to winning this time I think if we just tune up the engine...

Max grabs him by the shoulder.

MAX

Whoa whoa! There is nothing wrong with the bike.

DAN

If it's not the bike then what is it?

MAX

Dan, if you wanna qualify for a team and compete in real races like me, you're gonna have to start driving a little more strategically.

DAN

I know how to drive, Max. Haven't I almost topped your max speed?

MAX

That's not the problem. You can be fast, but it's not always about being the fastest. Sometimes you gotta slow down, really focus on your surroundings...

BOOM! A bright spotlight shines down from above.

Dan and Max look towards the sky--two TROOP TRANSPORT DRONES float menacingly above the racetrack, sirens blaring.

A robotic voice booms from above...

DRONE

Disperse immediately! Any racing on this course has been deemed ILLEGAL by Proto-Industries. Stand down or prepare to be arrested as a fugitive of the law.

A door slides open, revealing the robotic troops inside.

The voice repeats itself as the drones lower, closer and closer to the ground.

Ziplines shoot out from the drones. One latches into the concrete with grappling hooks right next to Dan.

He looks to his brother who's already mounted up on the Crow.

DAN

What is that?

MAX

They're here to shut us down.

ROBOTIC SOLDIERS slide down the ziplines and onto the ground, grabbing racers left and right.

MAX (CONT'D)

Lets split while we still can!

Dan hops on the back of the Crow and they fly off into--

**EXT. DELTA CITY**

They speed down an alleyway, past fence gates with barbed wire, people with no home laying on the streets.

They come upon a police blockade and take a detour into the tunnels below...

**INT. THE TUNNELS**

The two travel through tight passageways, walls covered in graffiti and floors scraped smooth.

Street lights shine through sewer grates, casting odd shadows on the walls and floors.

They stop in a small room. On the far end is a brick wall covered in graffiti tags.

DAN

What is this place?

MAX

This is where Proto-Cycling began.  
The people's race track.

Dan reaches out and touches the wall.

MAX (CONT'D)

That's the Champion's wall. You can only make it on this wall if you are a TRUE RACER.

DAN

Apex, Grimm...these guys are all true racers?

MAX

Yeah, back when it used to mean something...Back before Proto-Industries took over...

Pan up to the PROTO-INDUSTRIES MANUFACTURING PLANT that sits right on top of the remains of the tunnels.

MAX (CONT'D)

This place used to be sprawling  
with racers, but now...

Police lights flash through the sewer grates. Radio chatter echoes through the chamber.

MAX (CONT'D)

Let's split.

CUT TO:

**EXT. ROAD**

Dan sits on the back of the Crow, his arms wrapped around Max.

They fly down the empty road.

**EXT. THE NEST**

A small bungalow on the outskirts of the city. Entangled in wires.

Hints of green overgrowth poke out from beneath metal surfaces.

A blue light glows from inside a small SHED behind it.

Dan lays in the bowl of a massive satellite dish located on the roof. He's Listening to music and dozing off, daydreaming about the city.

From below, a loud series of CRASHES and CLANGS!

Max's voice yells up to Dan.

MAX

Hey can I get a hand?

Dan removes his headphones and slides down the side of the building into...

**INT. THE SHED**

Inside, Max works on the Crow.

Trophies new and old line the shelves. Posters of famous Proto-Cyclers and blueprints hang next to them.

Max holds out a gloved hand.

MAX

Wrench?

Dan shuffles through a large toolbox and hands it over to him.

Max tightens a nut.

Dan begins to leave.

MAX (CONT'D)

Wait. Not so fast.

DAN

What?

MAX

You know, you should be the one doing all this. A *true* Pilot knows how to fix their own bike. Just saying...

DAN

Oh really?

MAX

Yeah. Now grab a fresh engine coil from the rack.

Max points to a small cart modded and wired up to charge 6 Proto-Engine coils at once.

Dan plugs in the dead one--it lights up a faint blue from inside--he grabs a fully charged engine coil from the rack.

Max screws it in. Blue sparks fly as it magnetically snaps into place.

He hops to his feet, face covered in grime and sweat.

He wipes his brow.

MAX (CONT'D)

Well, that's the last piece.

DAN

Wait! One more thing...

He pulls out a STENCIL and slaps it on

He shakes a RED SPRAY CAN and sprays on the logo

DAN (CONT'D)  
Behold...the Crow!

FADE TO:

**EXT. ROAD**

Max and Dan speed down towards the DELTA CITY SKYLINE, its large skyscrapers pierce the sky.

Dan holds tightly onto Max's torso, the wind blasts in their faces and kicks up dust behind them.

They yell over the sound of the wind--

DAN  
I think you could really win the exhibition race this year!

MAX  
You think so?

DAN  
The Crow is exactly what first place looks like. Pure speed!

Max shifts gear and they turn into a blur on the horizon.

They speed past a PROTO-CYCLE GANG showing off their bikes as they approach the CITY WALL, a 10ft thick titanium wall surrounding the city.

They blast through an entrance in the wall.

**EXT. DELTA CITY - MOMENTS LATER**

A sign reads: "Welcome to Delta City!"

Dan and Max fly down the city streets, weaving through the obstacles.

Drones buzz around luxurious glass skyscrapers sitting high above the dark, graffiti covered streets and tunnels underneath. A stark contrast.

**EXT. PROTO-INDUSTRIES**

Dan and Max arrive at the massive domed building with a glowing sign. Underneath, a banner advertising the event: "Proto-Cycle Exhibition Race"

Interactive displays of different Proto-Cycles line the sprawling plaza.

Kids hop on top of the displays, pretending to drive them.

Others swipe through holographic kiosks with statistics.

MAX

Look at this model, it's got magnetic wheels.

They glance over a sleek, chrome-surfaced model. It makes their reflections look like a fun house mirror.

A PHOTOGRAPHER comes up to Max. He wears a bulky, high tech headset with assorted zoom lenses and holds a camera rig.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Excuse me, Max Powers?

MAX

Yes?

PHOTOGRAPHER

I'm with the Proto-Industries Media team, mind if I get a picture of you and your Proto-Cycle?

SNAP!

He hands them a small device, a HOLO-DISC.

Just like a Polaroid prints out, the picture projects from the Holo-Disc. Dan, Max, and the Crow. One happy family.

PHOTOGRAPHER (CONT'D)

Thank you!

They exit.

**INT. PROTO-INDUSTRIES - CONTINUOUS**

Dan and Max enter through a garage door entrance.

A security guard stops them, Max presents his ID.

They haul the bike onto a cargo elevator.

The elevator door closes and shoots downward.

A moment of darkness before light spills in through the windows.

Outside is a large campus of multiple buildings--THE PROTO-INDUSTRIES COMPLEX.

On either side, more elevators carry competitors downward.

Below is a high-speed racetrack with neon accents and a large scoreboard.

Contestants gather at the starting line and a crowd slowly files into stadium style seating.

DAN

This place is so much bigger in person.

MAX

You're looking at the longest, most high tech Proto-Cycle track in the world.

Dan presses his face against the glass, muffling his words.

DAN

I can't believe I'm actually here. There's so many famous pilots here today.

MAX

Yeah, that means there's some serious competition out there.

DAN

Are you nervous?

MAX

Yeah, a little. But once I'm out there on the track...everything changes. Its like you enter some sort of other dimension...the ZONE.

DAN

You're so poetic!

MAX

I'm serious!

Max playfully punches Dan's shoulder.

The elevator reaches bottom.

**INT. PROTO-INDUSTRIES RACEWAY -- MOMENTS LATER**

The crowd of racers spills out onto the raceway.

Dan gets lost in a sea of bodies. He looks to his left and to his right, Max and the Crow are nowhere to be seen.

Competitors push past Dan.

DAN

Hey!

COMPETITOR

Piss off, kid.

Dan runs to the side and climbs on top of a stack of boxes, getting an aerial view of the crowd.

He looks around at the different teams. They all wear uniforms branded with their team name and logo. Some team members carry flags for team spirit. Others carry power tools, spare parts, or computers.

Dan notices three figures, the crowd moves around them like ants.

They are DR. REID (40s, a balding man with sunken, pale eyes and a white suit), DR. CRANE (30s, hunched with an evil grin), and CD-12 (Black and purple racing suit, mask). The PROTO-INDUSTRIES TEAM.

DR. REID

Seems to be a lot of good competition this year.

DR. CRANE

They might look flashy, but we'll have to see how they perform once they're out on the track.

Dr. Crane's watchful eye looks around the crowd, he spots Dan on top of the boxes. The team pushes through the crowd.

Dan scrambles down from the stack of boxes. He tries to get away but he bumps into them.

DR. CRANE (CONT'D)

Excuse us, we don't mean to be a bother but...do you have a Racer ID you can show us?

DAN

Racer ID?

DR. CRANE

This raceway is not a safe space for a child like you. How'd you sneak in here anyway?

DAN

I'm not a child. I'm a competitor.

DR. CRANE

Sure you are...

DR. REID

What my colleague is trying to say is that we don't see many young competitors like you.

(pause)

It sure would be a shame if we had to expel you from the race...

DAN

You can't do that!

DR. REID

Sorry. Rules are rules.

DAN

You're just scared of losing to my team.

DR. CRANE

You and what army? You have no team. You are a mere child. Take you and your non-existent Proto-Cycle to a street race, and maybe that'll be a bit more your speed.

DR. REID

CD-12, please dispose of the intruder.

CD-12 grabs Dan's arm--He puts up a fight.

CD-12 grabs him with both hands and pulls him along.

DAN

Get your hands off me!

CD-12 forcefully drags Dan away when--

Max emerges from the crowd.

MAX

What the hell is going on here?

DR. REID

Well, if it isn't Max Powers. Star racer.

Max pushes past him and grabs Dan.

DR. CRANE

Do you know this vagrant?

MAX

Dan's my little brother.

DR. REID

We are sorry, Max, we just take security very seriously here.

DAN

You call that security?

Max steps up to Dr. Reid but CD-12 stands in his way.

CD-12

(muffled electronic voice)  
Stand down.

MAX

Don't touch him again.

CD-12

Or what?

Max glares at him, but he reserves his anger.

He points to the track.

MAX

We'll settle this out there. Racer to racer.

CD-12

Oh yeah? With that piece of junk?

DR. REID

You know, Max, we could really use your kind of talent on the Proto-Industries Team.

MAX

Thanks. But I have a team already.

He points to the symbol on his chest.

DR. REID

That group of delinquents? You'll never make it anywhere with a team like that. At Proto-Industries, we treat our racers like kings. Fame and fortune are guaranteed.

Dr. Reid hands him a business card.

DR. REID (CONT'D)

Give it some thought.

ANNOUNCER

Race beginning in 5 minutes.

DR. REID

We look forward to the race. Good day.

Dr. Reid and his team exit.

Max throws the business card on the ground, leaving it to be trampled by the crowd.

DAN

Shouldn't we be going to the starting line?

MAX

We're making a pit stop. Follow me.

#### **INT. WORKSHOP**

EMA (20s, facial piercings, dark hair) codes on her sticker-covered COMPUTER and DOM (20s, corn rows tied into a bun) is welding some finishing touches on THE CROW. These are THE SPLICERS.

Dom flips up her welding mask and shuffles through a cabinet.

DOM

Can we please get some real food after the race is over? We've been surviving solely on Surge Energy and instant ramen for the last few weeks...

Ema slurps the last of her ramen cup.

EMA

What's wrong with ramen?

DOM  
Nothing. Just running out of new flavors.

EMA  
Does this mean you're done working on the hardware?

DOM  
Yeah, she's all yours.

EMA  
Finally! I've been working on a new subsystem that I wanted to test out. I call it, the KERS.

DOM  
The curse?

EMA  
No the KERS. K-E-R-S. Kinetic Energy Recovery System.

DOM  
Sounds...nerdy.

Ema whips out a long cable and connects both ends, one to the computer and one to the Crow. She begins typing furiously.

Dom munches on a candy bar.

ANNOUNCER  
Race beginning in 2 minutes!

Dom checks her watch just as Max and Dan enter.

DOM  
There he is! Cutting it a little close huh?

MAX  
Sorry. Proto-Industries giving us trouble as usual...

EMA  
Crow's almost finished being updated, I just have to load new code and she'll be good to go!

DOM  
Wait a minute, who's this?

MAX  
Guys, this is Dan, my little bro!